★ ★ HERE IT IS! THE PAPER WITH THE INCREDIBLE HULK! ★ ★

7d

SMASH!

No.24
16th JULY 1966
EVERY TUESDAY

BATMAN

With ROBIN The BOY WONDER

BAT versus CAT

NEVER EXCEED LEGAL SPEED-LIMITS!

—THE *TICKET* YOU GET MAY BE TO *ETERNITY!*

WE GOT ALL THE DIABOLICAL DEATH-TRAPS *READY*, CAT WOMAN...

...BUT NO BATMAN AN' ROBIN TO PUT *IN* 'EM!

ALL TAKEN CARE OF, AS YOU SHALL SEE! COME TO THE ROOF!

THIS WON'T HURT UM A *BIT*, CLEO DEAR! UM'S GOING TO DELIVER A *MESSAGE* FOR UM'S *MUVVER!*

YOU MEAN YOU'RE GONNA BLAST THE BRUTE FROM THAT *CANYON*, C.W.?!

(NOTE: FEW READERS WILL NOTICE THAT THERE IS A QUESTION MARK AFTER THIS PURRR, BUT THE FEW SHOULD GET A KICK OUT OF IT.)

OF COURSE! SHE'S BEEN *TRAINED* FOR THIS TRICK!

GOOD THING SHE'S GOT *NINE LIVES!*

KAPOW!!

SHOOTING A CAT INTO THE AIR?!? WHAT [illegible] IS THIS?

HOLY INSOMNIA, BATMAN! WE'VE BEEN SITTING HERE FOR 14 HOURS -- AND STILL NO WORD FROM *CAT WOMAN!*

AT LEAST WE'RE DOING *SOME* GOOD, CHUM!

♥ SIGN MINE NEXT, BATMAN! ♥

BOOM!

IN THE SKY! AN EXPLOSION!

...AND A *PARACHUTE!*

PURRR?

A SKY-DIVING FELINE?!?

RIGHT, ROBIN! *CAT WOMAN* IS TRYING TO TELL US SOMETHING!

WHAT SINISTER TRICK IS CAT WOMAN TRYING TO PULL ON OUR HEROES? FIND OUT THE HORRIBLE TRUTH OVER THE PAGE!

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REMOVE THE PARACHUTE CAREFULLY, ROBIN! WE MUSTN'T *HURT* THE LITTLE RASCAL, CRIMINAL THOUGH SHE MAY BE!

THERE'S A *CARD* ON HER *COLLAR!*

MISSES

THE HOMING-INSTINCT OF THIS PAMPERED PUSS WILL LEAD US STRAIGHT TO HER MISTRESS!

CAT WOMAN! THEN IT'S A *TRAP*, BATMAN!

FOLLOW ME!

OF *COURSE* IT'S A TRAP, OLD FRIEND!---EXACTLY WHAT WE'VE BEEN *ASKING* FOR!

PURRRR

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OUR FELINE FRIEND IS GOING THROUGH THAT *WINDOW!*

---WHICH MEANS *CAT WOMAN* AND HER COHORTS MUST BE *INSIDE!*

THE HIGHLY-TRAINED ANIMAL LEAPS FROM THE SLIDE *OVER* THE WAITING VAT OF DEADLY ACID!

PURRRRR

SLURP

GURGLE GURGLE

DEADLY ACID

CAREFUL, BATMAN! IT MAY BE A *TRAP!*

NO *TIME* TO BE CAREFUL!

CRASH

*WILL THE LEAPING LAWMEN SAIL INTO THE SEARING SOUP? SURE **LOOKS** LIKE IT!!*

DON'T SLIP, BATMAN! THAT VAT OF ACID IS *CERTAIN DEATH!*

SLURP!

GURGLE

I CAN'T EVEN GET TO MY *UTILITY BELT!* BUT---

--*I'M GOING IN!* AT LEAST I MAY BE ABLE TO BUY YOU A CHANCE!

BATMAN! DON'T!

SPLASH!

DOES THIS SELFLESS SLIDE TO SAVE HIS SIDEKICK'S SKIN MEAN CURTAINS FOR THE CAPED CRUSADER? THE NEXT PICTURES TELL THE TALE!!

SPLOSH!

BATMAN WENT INTO THE ACID-VAT TO SAVE *MY* LIFE--- AND HIS SACRIFICE WAS *IN VAIN!*

BUT AT LEAST WE'LL BE TOGETHER IN *DEATH* AS WE WERE IN *LIFE!*

KAH!

WHY... IT'S NOTHING BUT--- *WATER!!*

WATER NOW, ROBIN! I HAD TO GAMBLE THAT THE NEUTRALIZER-PELLETS IN MY UTILITY BELT WOULD RENDER THE ACID HARMLESS BEFORE IT COULD *DISSOLVE* ME!

*YOU'RE NOT FREE **YET**, MEN! THE **STAINLESS STEEL TWO-MAN GUILLOTINE GADGET** WAITS FOR YOU IN NEXT WEEK'S **SMASH!***

Registered at the G.P.O. for transmission by Magazine Post to Canada (including Newfoundland). SMASH! printed in Great Britain by St. Clements Press Ltd., 112 Queen Victoria St., London, E.C.4, and published by Odhams Press Ltd., Long Acre, London, W.C.2. Sole agents for Australia and New Zealand, Gordon & Gotch (A/sia) Ltd.; South Africa, Central News Agency Ltd. Subscription Rates: Inland 12 months 41/4; abroad (including Canada), 12 months 39/-; Dollar Rate for U.S.A. $6; Canada $6.50. Please send your order to Subscription Dept., 8-9 Long Acre, London, W.C.2.
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Percy's Pets

PERCY! HELP US! OUR BALL'S STUCK UP ON THAT ROOF!

JUST YOU LEAVE IT TO ME AND MY PETS, LADS!

LOOK AT THAT! MARTY THE MONKEY WILL SOON GET IT DOWN FOR YOU!

HELP! HELP!

OH, GOLLY! THE PIPE'S COME AWAY FROM THE WALL!

SPLOSH!

HORSE TROUGH

H'MM! I'LL HAVE TO THINK OF SOMETHING ELSE!

GRR! I WISH HE'D HURRY UP! I'M SOAKING WET AND COLD, TOO!

THERE! WHAT DID I TELL YOU? I'VE THOUGHT OF SOMETHING TO MAKE A SMASHING DRAINPIPE!

JUMP!

GOSH! WHAT'S GONE WRONG NOW? HE'S BACK DOWN ALREADY, WITHOUT THE BALL!

HELP!

WHOOOSH!

YOU CLOT! YOU'VE BEEN USING DAD'S HAIR CREAM AGAIN —MARTY COULDN'T GET A GRIP!

GRR!

YOU HAVE A GO, BLACKIE!

PUFF! GASP! IT'S FAR TOO HEAVY FOR ME! I NEVER WAS MUCH GOOD AT THE SHOT-PUTT! PUFF! GASP!

BAH! THAT DIDN'T WORK! I'LL HAVE TO THINK OF SOMETHING ELSE!

COO! WHAT'S THAT COMING DOWN?

AIEE!

STAB!

CRACK!

GOOD OLD PERCY!

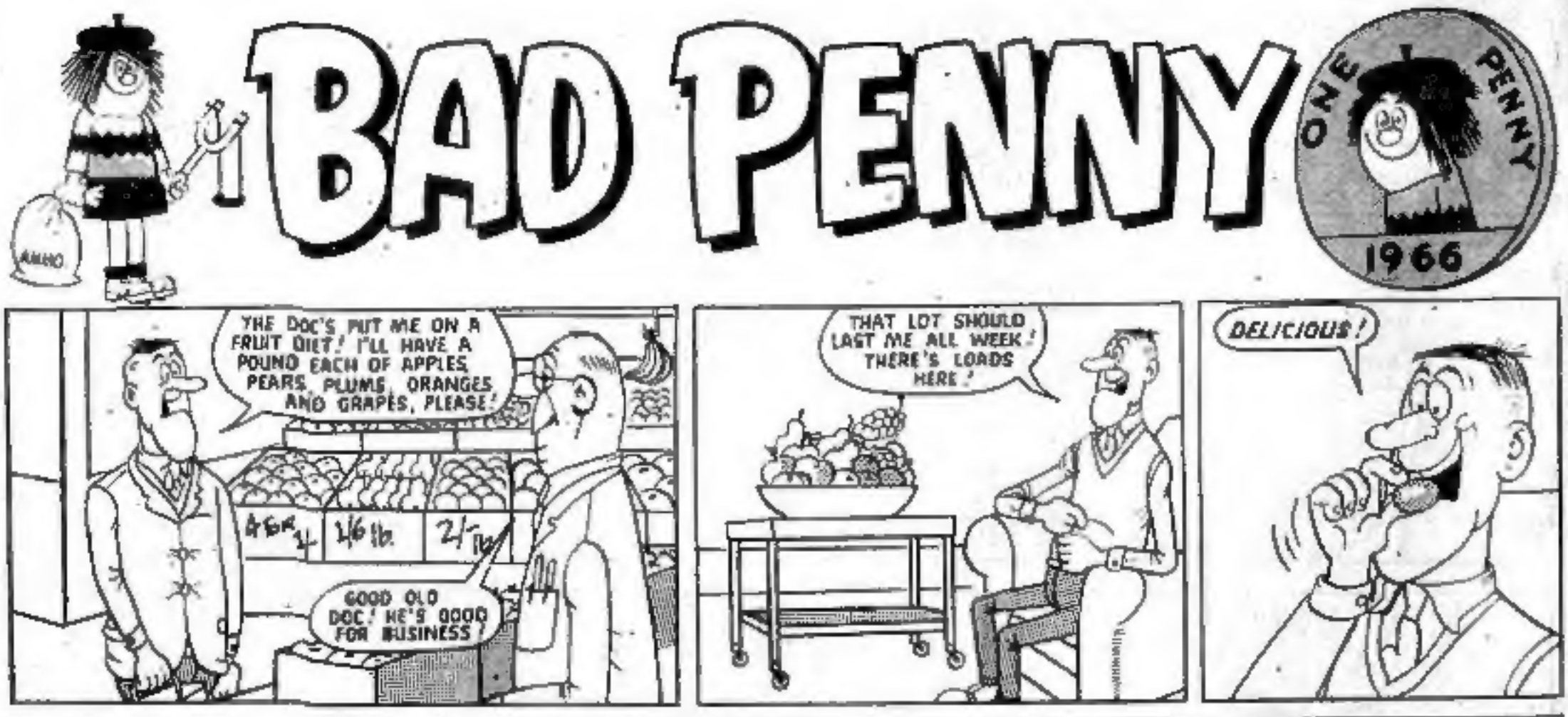
THANKS, PERCY! YOU AND YOUR PALS FOUND A WAY— *ESPECIALLY YOU! HO-HO!*

GRRR!

THAT'LL TEACH HIM!

BAD PENNY

ONE PENNY 1966


THE DOC'S PUT ME ON A FRUIT DIET! I'LL HAVE A POUND EACH OF APPLES, PEARS, PLUMS, ORANGES AND GRAPES, PLEASE!
4 for 1/-
1/6 lb.
2/- lb.
GOOD OLD DOC! HE'S GOOD FOR BUSINESS!
THAT LOT SHOULD LAST ME ALL WEEK! THERE'S LOADS HERE!
DELICIOUS!
COO! SLURP! LOOK AT ALL THAT FRUIT!
SNATCH!
SNIGGER!
??????
M'MM! WHAT A SCRUMPY BIG PEAR!
WAAH! IT'S HER! IT'S PENNY!
AH, WELL! THERE'S PLENTY LEFT! SHE ONLY TOOK ONE!
I'M NOT SATISFIED WITH ONE! I'LL HAVE AN APPLE NOW! HEH! HEH!
...WHAT'S PENNY UP TO NOW?
HEH! HEH! I'M GLAD WE'VE GOT A TILED CEILING! DAD CAN'T SEE THE TRAP DOOR IN IT!
GOOD OLD MOUSEY! GRAB THE APPLE!
SNATCH!
EEK! EEK!
HELP! THERE'RE ONLY THREE APPLES LEFT! THERE WERE FOUR! WHAT'S HAPPENED TO THE OTHER ONE?

IN PENNY'S BEDROOM...

IT'S DELICIOUS! YOU CAN HAVE THE CORE, MOUSEY!

SLURP!

I'LL KEEP THEM WHERE I CAN SEE THEM! I'VE LOCKED ALL THE DOORS AND WINDOWS!

WATCH THIS, READERS!

PLOP!

HEH! HEH! HEH!

TUG!

HELP! HELP! COME BACK! COME BACK! WHAT'S HAPPENING?

ZOOM!

THANKS FOR THE ORANGE, DAD! YOU'RE A PAL!

OH, NO YOU DON'T!

ERK!

HELP!

OUCH!

OOOH!

OWW!

LOOK AFTER THE 'PENNIES' AND THE POUNDS OF FRUIT LOOK AFTER THEMSELVES! HEH! HEH! HEH!

RAGE! SNARL! GNASH!

THE RUBBER MAN!

THE FANTASTIC RUBBERMAN (AND ONE TERROR-FILLED AIRCRAFT PILOT) IS TRAPPED IN THE SINISTER ISLAND HEADQUARTERS OF HIS NEWEST, MOST BLOOD-CHILLING ENEMY YET—THE TERRIBLE **DOCTOR FEAR**...

WOLVES! THEY'LL TEAR US TO PIECES!

NOT IF I CAN HANG ON TO A HANDHOLD THEY WON'T!

BUT UNDER THE WEIGHT OF THE TWO MEN, THE HANDHOLD BREAKS AWAY...

WE'RE FALLING! WE'LL BE EATEN ALIVE!

THIS TIME HE'S RIGHT! *MY* ONLY HOPE IS THAT THOSE SNARLING HORRORS WON'T LIKE THE TASTE OF *RUBBER!*

THEN, INCREDIBLY, THE WOLF-CHARGE COMES TO A STOP...

WHY - DON'T THEY FINISH US OFF? I—I DON'T UNDERSTAND!

I DO! THEY *CAN'T* GET AT US— BECAUSE THERE'S AN *INVISIBLE WALL OF GLASS* BETWEEN THEM AND US!

FROM **DOCTOR FEAR** COMES CROAKING LAUGHTER...

HOW DID YOU ENJOY YOUR FIRST TASTE OF *FEAR*, MY FRIENDS? INGENIOUS, WAS IT NOT?

THEN...

BUT THAT WAS ONLY A *BEGINNING!* NOW, I THINK YOU ARE READY FOR YOUR *SECOND* COURSE!

AAAAHHN!

THEY PLUMMET DOWN INTO A FETID, STRANGELY-RUSTLING DARKNESS...

THERE'S PLENTY OF SOFT SAND TO CUSHION YOUR FALL! WE DO NOT WANT YOU INJURED— *NOT YET!*

THE TRAP-DOOR'S *CLOSING!*

AS RUBBERMAN BOUNCES, A LIGHT FLASHES ON—AND HE SEES THE CAUSE OF THE SINISTER RUSTLING...

I DIDN'T GET THE CHANCE TO HELP HIM!

THAT BOUNCE IS TAKING ME THROUGH THE GAP LEFT BY THE CLOSING TRAP DOOR!

AAAAAAGH! SNAKES!

OF COURSE! BEING MADE OF RUBBER, YOU *REBOUNDED* WHEN YOU HIT THE FLOOR. I DID NOT THINK OF THAT!

YOU MADMAN! THAT'S THE LAST FOUL TRICK *YOU'RE* GOING TO PULL!

BUT ANOTHER CONCEALED DOOR OPENS...

QUICKLY! HIT HIM WITH A *STUNNER BULLET!*

A *STUNNER BULLET?* MAYBE IT WILL WORK ON ME—AND MAYBE IT *WON'T...!*

RUBBERMAN'S ARM STRETCHES...

...BUT I'M NOT TAKING ANY CHANCES!

UUHHHH!

NEXT MOMENT, THE GUNMAN IS AIRBORNE...

THAT'S ANOTHER USEFUL THING ABOUT BEING MADE OF RUBBER. YOU CAN TURN YOURSELF INTO A HUMAN CATAPULT!

AAAAHHH!

I DON'T KNOW WHERE THIS DOOR LEADS! BUT IT CAN'T BE TO ANYWHERE LESS FRIENDLY THAN HERE!

STOP HIM!

AS HE RUNS ALONG A CORRIDOR, RUBBERMAN DOES NOT REALISE JUST HOW WRONG A MAN CAN BE...

THAT DOOR AT THE OTHER END DOESN'T APPEAR TO BE LOCKED!

DOCTOR FEAR RECOVERS HIS ICY CALM...

DON'T BOTHER TO GO AFTER HIM. IT IS A PITY HE MISSED THE TREATS I HAD PREPARED FOR HIM. BUT IF HE PREFERS TO SAMPLE THE MAIN COURSE— WHY SHOULD WE STOP HIM?

WHAT OF THE PILOT? HE IS STILL WITH THE SNAKES!

HE IS NOT OF GREAT INTEREST TO ME. BUT, YES, LET US SEE HOW HE IS FARING!

PLEASE— PLEASE! GET ME OUT OF HERE! I—I CAN'T STAND ANY MORE!

VERY WELL. BUT THE SAND AROUND YOU HAS BEEN TREATED WITH SNAKE-REPELLENT CHEMICALS. THERE WAS NO DANGER — ONLY FEAR! YES, ONLY FEAR!

BUT WHY— WHY ARE YOU DOING THIS TO US?

BECAUSE I AM AN EXPERT IN FEAR! — FEAR THAT DESTROYS THE MIND — THAT TURNS A MAN INTO A WILLING SLAVE! THE KIND OF FEAR THAT RUBBERMAN IS SOON TO DISCOVER!

THE DOOR AT THE END OF THE CORRIDOR LEADS TO THE GARDEN OF TERROR...

BELIEVE ME, THE FEAR YOU HAVE ENCOUNTERED IS LIKE A GRAIN OF SAND IN THE DESERT COMPARED TO THE MIND—SHREDDING FEAR THAT RUBBERMAN IS ABOUT TO EXPERIENCE!

?

BRRR! WHAT LOATHSOME PERILS AWAIT RUBBERMAN? IF NEXT WEEK'S FANTASTIC INSTALMENT DOESN'T LEAVE YOU GRIPPING YOUR CHAIR—NOTHING WILL!

Charlie's Choice

THE TV SET WITH A DIFFERENCE...

I THINK I'LL HAVE A NICE LAZY AFTERNOON WATCHING THE TELLY!

THAT'S WHAT YOU THINK, MY LAD!

ERK! DAD'S AFTER ME AGAIN!

GET WORKING, CHARLIE! YOU CAN HAVE A PLEASANT AFTERNOON PAINTING THE FENCE! HEH! HEH!

WHAT A LIFE!

MIGHT AS WELL WATCH THE TELLY! THEY'RE SHOWING THE FILM 'GOLDFINGER' WITH JAMES BOND! HE'S FAB!

GOSH! JAMES BOND'S COMING OUT!

I'VE GOT TO HIDE! OLD GOLDFINGER'S AFTER ME WITH HIS POT OF GOLD PAINT!

COO! I THOUGHT IT WAS ONLY WOMEN HE PAINTED!

GRR! WHERE IS HE?

QUICK! GIVE ME YOUR PEASHOOTER, CHARLIE!

COO! A PEA ISN'T GOING TO BE MUCH GOOD AGAINST THAT *BIG* APE!

THAT WAS A **GAS** PELLET, CHARLIE!

AARGH! SWINE! FIEND!

QUICK, CHARLIE — IT WON'T STOP HIM FOR LONG!

HELLO! HELLO! BOND TO H.Q.! HAVE CONTACTED GOLDFINGER!

GOSH! AN AERIAL TIE-PIN!

GRAB!

YOU WON'T BE DOING ANY REPORTING, 007!

HELP! GOLDFINGER'S CAUGHT US UP!

YEOW!!

AND NO REACHING FOR YA GUN!

AND I THOUGHT THAT ONLY HAPPENED IN COMICS!

MUSEUM

KEEP WALKING! AND NO FUNNY BUSINESS!

GOSH! BOND'S IN TROUBLE NOW!

RIGHT, 007— ALL THE SECRETS OF YOUR ORGANISATION, OR I CUT THIS ROPE!

MAN-EATING SHARKS!

OOER· HE'S GOING TO DROP JAMES IN THE TANK!

GARDENING TOOLS

AHA! THE VERY THING!

THAT FAT BABOON'S GOING TO GET A SHOCK!

YIPPEE! A BULL'S-EYE! *HEE! HEE!* THAT'S A "ROLLED" GOLDFINGER NOW!

AAGH!!!

THANKS, CHARLIE! WELL DONE! AND ONE GOOD TURN DESERVES ANOTHER!

HERE, GOLDFINGER! YOU CAN HAVE YOUR GOLD PAINT BACK! *YOU'LL NEED IT!*

HO! HO! GOOD OLD JAMES! HE'S GETTING GOLDFINGER TO PAINT THE FENCE FOR ME!

A 6-6-6-GOLD FENCE!?!

GET ON WITH IT!

ROLLO STONES AND DANNY CHARTERS...

THE LEGEND TESTERS

ETERNO IS HERE! **ETERNO** – THE MAN WHO HAS LIVED FOR EVER BY DRAINING PLANETS OF THEIR ENERGY – FOR HIS OWN USE! IN A REMOTE JUNGLE, HIS ROBOTS HAVE BUILT FOR HIM A WONDROUS CITY...

IN HIS VAST PALACE, ETERNO ADDRESSES THE UGLY ROBOTS WHO SERVE HIM...

A CITY NEEDS **PEOPLE** TO BRING IT TO LIFE. NOW YOU MUST MAKE ROBOTS THAT LOOK AND ACT LIKE HUMANS – SO THAT I SHALL HAVE COMPANY DURING THE SHORT TIME I SHALL SPEND ON THIS EARTH BEFORE **DESTROYING** IT!

ETERNO'S HORRIBLE MACHINES HAVE THE POWER TO CREATE ALMOST **ANYTHING** AT FANTASTIC SPEED. SOON THE CITY IS ALIVE WITH 'PEOPLE'...

IN THE PALACE ARE 'GIRLS' TO DANCE FOR HIS ENTERTAINMENT...

YOU HAVE DONE WELL, NO ONE WOULD GUESS THAT EVERYONE, SAVE ME, IS A ROBOT!

TONIGHT I SHALL HOLD A CELEBRATION. THERE SHALL BE A FEAST...

...AND THERE SHALL BE **SPORT**, TOO. THE **THING** THAT I CAPTURED ON THE PLANET **PLUTON** SHALL DO BATTLE WITH THE **APE-GIANT** I BROUGHT WITH ME FROM **BERZERK!**

WE'LL EXCUSE YOU, READERS, IF YOU'RE THINKING WE'VE FORGOTTEN **ROLLO STONES** AND **DANNY CHARTERS**...

BUT WE **HAVEN'T!** WHILE ETERNO'S CELEBRATION PREPARATIONS ARE BEING MADE, OUR TWO **LEGEND TESTERS** SPEED FORWARD THROUGH TIME UNTIL THEY REACH THE YEAR 1966...

ROLLO! WE'VE STOPPED!

THE **TIME-MIST** IS CLEARING!

THEY FIND THEMSELVES IN THE FABULOUS CITY...

WHERE ARE WE?

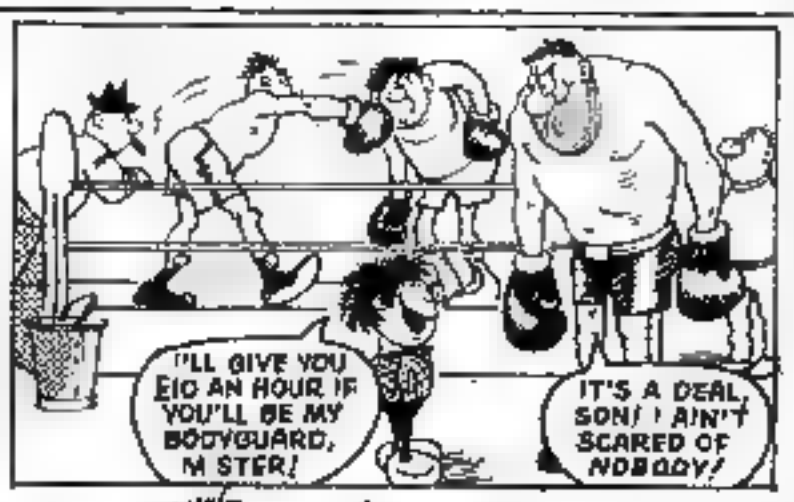
I DON'T KNOW. BUT WHEREVER THIS PLACE IS, ETERNO CAN'T BE FAR AWAY!

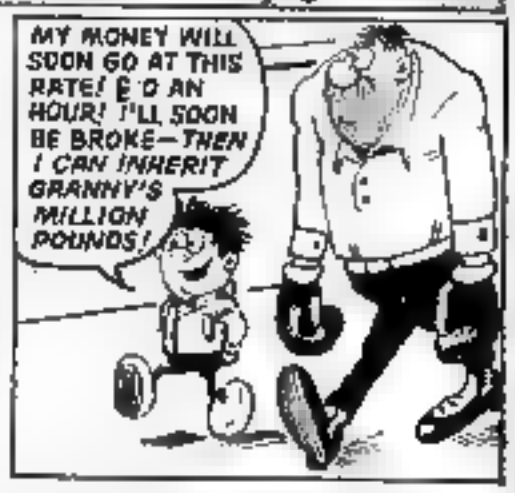
EVERYBODY SEEMS TO BE GOING INTO THIS PALACE – SO WE'LL GO ALONG WITH THEM.

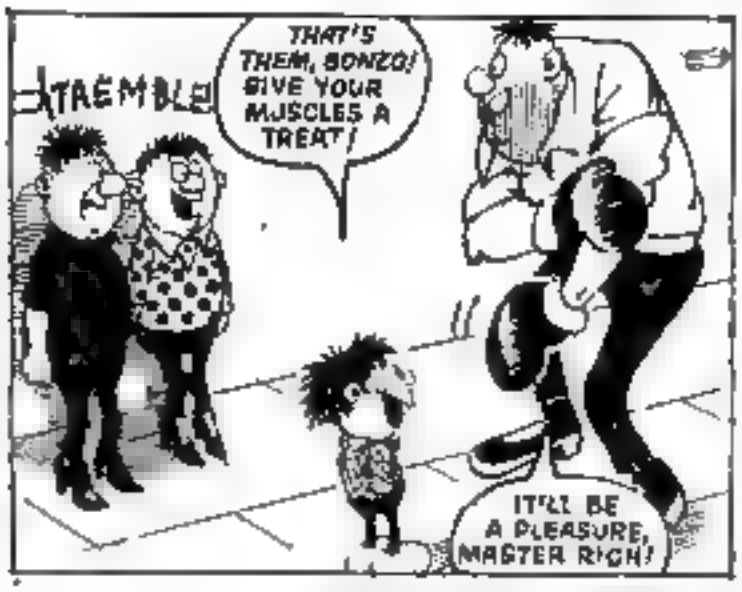
UNAWARE THAT ALL THE OTHER 'PEOPLE' ARE ROBOTS, ROLLO AND DANNY MINGLE WITH THE THRONG – AND ENTER ETERNO'S PALACE
NOW I'M EVEN MORE CERTAIN ETERNO IS HERE. THOSE EXOTIC FRUITS MUST HAVE COME FROM DISTANT PLANETS!
MMMM! THE SIGHT OF ALL THAT FOOD MAKES ME REALIZE HOW HUNGRY I AM!
NOBODY'S GOING TO MISS A LITTLE FRUIT!
FROM THE INNER CHAMBER COMES A DEEP RUMBLING GROWL THAT THREATENS TO CRACK THE FOUNDATIONS OF THE MASSIVE BUILDING ..
GGEEERRR-AAAGH!
HEAR THAT! THERE'S SOMETHING EVIL GOING ON INSIDE THERE – AND I'M GOING TO FIND OUT WHAT!
ROLLO STEPS THROUGH THE OPEN DOORWAY– AND THE SHEER SHOCK OF WHAT HE SEES ROOTS HIM TO THE SPOT!
NO! I-I DON'T BELIEVE IT!
THE HIGHLIGHT OF THE ENTERTAINMENT ETERNO HAS PROVIDED FOR HIMSELF IS ABOUT TO COMMENCE. A BATTLE OF THE JUGGERNAUTS – BETWEEN THE THING...
.. AND THE APE-GIANT!
ETERNO DRINKS IN EVERY DETAIL OF THE FANTASTIC STRUGGLE. FOR, TO A MAN WHO HAS LIVED FOR EVER WHO HAS UNLOCKED EVERY SECRET OF THE THE UNIVERSE, WHOSE VERY DIFFERENCE CUTS HIM OFF FROM ALL OTHER MEN, THERE IS ONLY ONE PLEASURE LEFT. TO SAVOUR THE PAIN AND SUFFERING OF LIVING CREATURES!
NEXT INSTANT, THE TWO INCREDIBLE CREATURES JOIN IN DEADLY COMBAT.
G-R-E-R-K! G-R-E-R-K!
PHROOWSH!
FOR A MOMENT, THE TWO GREAT CREATURES COME APART, AND THE APE-GIANT'S BALEFUL EYES FALL UPON ROLLO.
AND FOR A REASON THAT ONLY IT CAN TELL, THE APE-GIANT'S FURY IS SUDDENLY DIRECTED AT ROLLO!
GRRRAAAGGH!
WOW! YOU'LL BE ABLE TO SEE IT ALL HAPPENING NEXT WEEK! BUT ONLY IF YOU GET YOUR 'SMASH'! BE WISE – ORDER IT NOW! DON'T SAY WE DIDN'T WARN YOU!

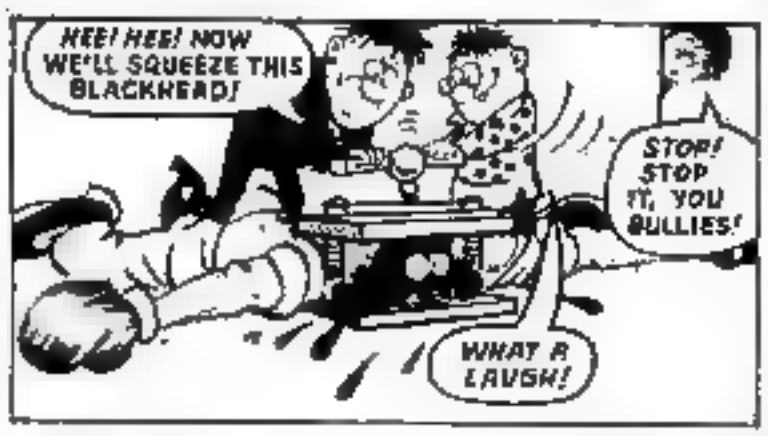
HE'LL INHERIT A £1 MILLION—*IF* HE CAN SPEND THE MONEY HE'S GOT...

RONNIE RICH









NO MORE FOR ME! I'D RATHER FIGHT CASSIUS CLAY! YOU CAN GET ANOTHER BODYGUARD!
WELL DONE, RON! THAT WAS ONE OF THE GREAT PLANE ROBBERS YOU CAUGHT THERE! THERE'S £100 REWARD!

MEET . . .

Mister Knowall

He knows everything there is to know about everything — and he's here to show you what a load of laughs it is to be a Knowall, too!

Watch out, Knowalls, there is a deliberate mistake in something on my page this week. See if you can spot it. Don't look now, but the answer is at the foot of the page.

I don't normally print jokes—because I've heard most of those readers send me a dozen times before (Bighead!) But here's a story from **Roger Cruse of Finsbury Park, London,** that I know you'll want to tell your mates

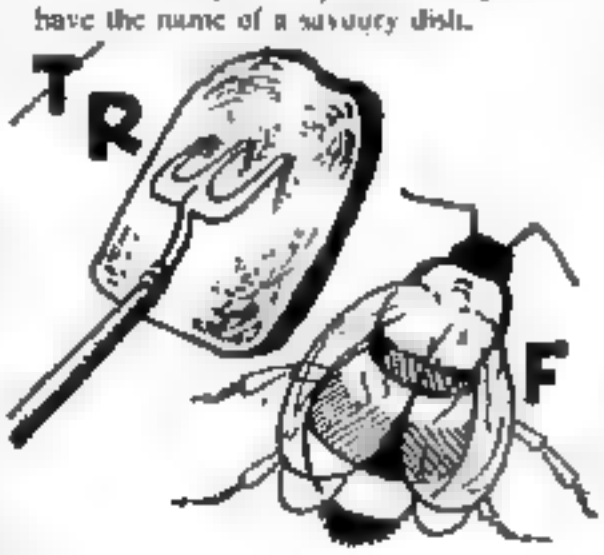
A man was given a gorilla and told not to touch it. But after a few weeks he couldn't resist the temptation and touched it.

The gorilla immediately broke out of the cage and chased the man . . . all through England . . . across into Wales . . . up into Scotland . . . where, at Land's End, the man fell over.

Now the gorilla was upon him. Poor man, he thought his last moment had come when the ferocious animal snarled him and growled. Had you back?!

Why is a snake smart?
because you can never pull its leg!

Solve this picture puzzle and you'll have the name of a savoury dish.



Perhaps you know a trick or something that's fun to make or do. If so, send it on a postcard to Mr Knowall at the address below. If it's printed, you win 10/-. But, remember, it must be your own idea and not copied from somewhere else.

My favourite feature in SMASH is:

.....

The Feature I don't like is:

.....

My age is: .....

To: Mr. Knowall, SMASH,

14, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

QUEEN OF SEAS fans will remember how the Rev. Augustus Crump met disaster on his Dodo egg.

But if he'd known this trick, he'd still be afloat.

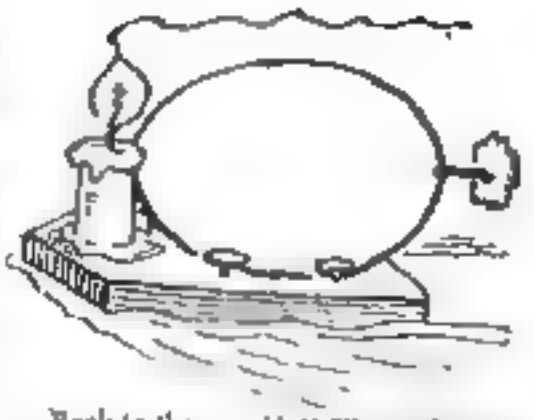
Maybe you will find it difficult to get a Dodo egg. If so, you'll have to make do with any ordinary hen's egg — and make a model STEAM SHIP EGGSPRESS.

Don't worry, it won't take more than a couple of minutes, Promise!

Carefully prick both ends of your egg with a pin, trying not to crack the shell, and blow out the yolk and the white.

Now you'll need a piece of wood or hardboard about four inches long and a couple of inches wide. Sharpen one end if you like to form the bows.

Stick four drawing pins halfway into the wood (these will hold the egg in place when you're ready to sail) and place a piece of candle in the bows as the drawing shows.



Back to the egg. Half fill it with water, and seal up one of the holes with plasticine. Place the egg between the drawing pins, with the sealed hole facing the bows, and she's ready to launch. Light the candle, wait a minute or so, and your *Eggspress* will steam off at a rate of knots.

Why not make several, paint the shells different colours, and you can hold some great races.

* * *

Here's a challenge you won't be able to resist! Stand with your right arm to your side and pressed TIGHT against a wall. Count up to sixty.

Move away—and try to stop YOUR ARM RISING SLOWLY of its own accord.

It's uncanny—but it's true!

"WINK ONE EYE AFTER THE OTHER AND THIS SNAKE WILL DANCE," SAYS B. HOGARTH OF PRESTON

Match this!

Place fifteen matches on the table, like this . . .

Now take away just THREE matches to leave three complete squares. Keep trying, it CAN be done, and to prove it the answer is below.

Can you change SICK to WELL in three moves, altering one letter each time to make a proper dictionary word? The clues will help you.

	SICK
Fabric	. . . .
Window ledge	. . . .
Hand over for a price	. . .
	WELL

Here's the answer—but don't look till you've tried to do the trick.

SICK
SILK
SILL
SELL
WELL

MAKE SURE OF SMASH!
Fill in this coupon and take it to your newsagent.

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

.....

PLEASE *DELIVER/RESERVE ME A COPY OF SMASH UNTIL FURTHER NOTICE

Signature of Parent or Guardian

***Delete as necessary**

ANSWER TO LAST WEEK'S B.U.N.G.L.E.

Remember how the Man from B.U.N.G.L.E. was being made to walk the plank from Dr Doom's pirate radio ship?

Believe it or not, readers, he did a JACK KNIFE off the end of the plank. The jack knife cut his bonds and he was able to use it to fight off the monsters until he reached the safety of his drifting speed boat.

(NOTE TO READERS: ALL RIGHT! WE KNOW IT'S DAFT. USING A JACK KNIFE DIVE TO CUT HIS ROPES! WE'LL SEE IT WON'T HAPPEN AGAIN!)

YOU'VE GOT SEVEN DAYS TO SHARPEN UP YOUR W.I.T.S. FOR THE NEXT B.U.N.G.L.E. PROBLEM.

DELIBERATE MISTAKE!

The mistake was in today's story about the gorilla. I used a fond of in it instead of an ape.

THE INCREDIBLE HULK VS THE METAL MASTER!"

EVEN YOUR LIMITLESS STRENGTH CANNOT SAVE YOU FROM ME, HULK! ALL THE METAL ON EARTH IS MINE TO COMMAND, FOR I AM-- "THE METAL MASTER!"

IF THE *HULK* CAN'T HANDLE *THE METAL MASTER*, IT COULD MEAN THE END OF THE HUMAN RACE!

AT A MILITARY MISSILE BASE SOMEWHERE IN THE GREAT SOUTHWEST THE COUNTDOWN IS HALTED WHILE THE BASE COMMANDER WAITS FOR DR BRUCE BANNER TO APPEAR!

LAUNCH MINUS FIFTEEN MINUTES --AND HOLDING!

WE CAN'T START WITHOUT BANNER! HE'S THE BRAINS BEHIND THIS ENTIRE SPACE PROBE! WHERE IN THUNDERATION IS HE?

GENERAL "THUNDERBOLT" BOSS, NEVER A MAN TO MINCE WORDS EXPRESSES HIS FEELINGS IN NO UNCERTAIN TERMS

LUCKY FOR HIM HE'S A CIVILIAN! IF HE WERE IN MY DIVISION, I'D HAVE HIS HIDE! I'D SLAP HIM BEHIND BARS! I'D--I'D--

OH, DAD WHAT IF SOMETHING'S HAPPENED TO BRUCE?

STRANGE-- HE'S HAD PLENTY OF TIME TO CHANGE BACK FROM THE HULK AND REACH HERE BY NOW!

THE HULK HAS BEEN SEEN IN THIS AREA! WHAT IF-- HE GOT BRUCE?!!

IF ONLY I COULD TELL HER THAT BRUCE BANNER IS THE HULK. BUT I WOULDN'T DARE! HE'D SKIN ME ALIVE!

AT THAT MOMENT, NOT FAR AWAY, THE OBJECT OF EVERYONE'S CONCERN CROUCHES ANGRILY BEHIND A BOULDER UNDER THE BLAZING DESERT SUN.

I'VE GOT TO CHANGE BACK TO BRUCE BANNER.

BUT I CAN'T!

A WHOLE ARMOURED INFANTRY REGIMENT ON MANOEUVRES BETWEEN ME AND MY UNDERGROUND LAB!

I CAN'T REACH THE CAVE WITHOUT THEM SEEIN' ME, AND DISCOVERING MY SECRET HIDING PLACE!

BUT I CAN'T STAY HERE ANY LONGER! IF I DON'T CHANGE BACK TO BANNER SOON - IT MAY BE TOO LATE!

THE LONGER I REMAIN THE HULK, THE HARDER IT IS TO CHANGE BACK!

I'VE GOT TO TAKE A CHANCE!

MAYBE I CAN LEAP TOWARD THE HIDDEN CAVE, FAST ENOUGH AND LOW ENOUGH, AND MAKE IT BEFORE THEIR RADAR SPOTS ME!

BLAST IT! IT'S NO GOOD! TOO MANY JETS! I ALMOST CRASHED INTO 'EM!

THEY'RE COMIN' THIS WAY! I CAN'T STAY HERE!

BUT THERE'S NO PLACE TO HIDE!

THEY GOTTA STAY BACK! WHY DON'T THEY KEEP AWAY?? I DON'T WANNA HURT ANYONE! BUT IF THEY COME ANY CLOSER -- IF THEY ATTACK ME -- IT'LL BE TOO BAD!

BUT, AT THAT CRUCIAL SPLIT SECOND, JUST BEFORE THE TROOPS CONFRONT THE DESPERATE HULK, AN EAR-SPLITTING WHINE FILLS THE HOT DESERT AIR...

WHEEEOOOOOOOOO!

IT MEANS BACK TO THE BASE--ON THE DOUBLE!

IT'S THE EMERGENCY ALERT!

CONDITION RED!

WITHIN MINUTES, THE LAST DULL RUMBLE OF TANKS FADES INTO THE DISTANCE AND A BEWILDERED HULK SAFELY ENTERS THE DANK CAVE WHICH LEADS TO HIS HIDDEN LAIR!

LUCKY FOR THEM THE ALARM SOUNDED! NOW I WON'T HAVE TO BASH ANY HEADS TOGETHER!

MINUTES LATER, A GIANT FORM STANDS IN FRONT OF ONE OF EARTH'S MOST AWESOME RAY MACHINES...

I HATE HAVIN' TO BECOME THAT WEAKLING BANNER ALL THE TIME!

ARGHH!

"GASP! EACH TIME I MAKE THE CHANGE - IT SEEMS MORE PAINFUL!

WHAT HAPPENED?? I'M BRUCE BANNER AGAIN- BUT I'M STRONGER -- MORE POWERFUL!

MUST HAVE MANIPULATED THE CONTROLS DIFFERENTLY! BUT-- IT DIDN'T LAST-- STRENGTH IS FAD NG! GROWING WEAK AGAIN --MUST REST! EACH CHANGE LEAVES ME WEAKER EVERY TIME...

HOW MUCH LONGER CAN I ENDURE IT??

SLUMPING IN FRONT OF HIS ELECTRONIC TV VIEWER, THE ANGUISHED SCIENTIST SWITCHES THE SET ON, AND..

SOMETHING'S WRONG AT THE BASE! GENERAL ROSS-- BETTY - THEY LOOK TERRIFIED!

OH, NO! IT'S IMPOSSIBLE! THE SPACE PROBE ROCKET! MY PROJECT- IT-- IT'S MELTING! IT'S DISSOLVING IN FRONT OF MY EYES!

BEWILDERED, THE TREMBLING VIEWER SWITCHES ON THE SOUND PORTION OF HIS AMAZING SET, AND HEARS...

WHO'S THAT?!!

WHERE'D HE COME FROM?

I AM-- THE METAL MASTER!

I COME FROM THE PLANET ASTRA, MANY GALAXIES AWAY!

I MELTED YOUR PUNY ROCKET DEVICE WITH THE POWER OF MY BRAIN-- TO SHOW YOU HOW INVINCIBLE I AM!

I AM THE MASTER OF ALL FORMS OF METAL-- FOR ALL METAL IS MADE UP OF ATOMS--

--AND, WITH THE POWER OF MY BRAIN, I CAN COMMAND AND CONTROL EACH AND EVERY METALLIC ATOM!

I CAN CAUSE THEM TO MOVE, TO BE STILL, TO FLY APART, OR ADHERE TOGETHER!

"ON THE PLANET ASTRA, OUR SCULPTORS MAKE MAGNIFICENT STATUES OF METAL, FORMING THEM, SHAPING THEM, BY THEIR MENTAL COMMANDS ALONE!"

"BUT, OF ALL THE ASTRANS, ONLY I WAS JUDGED A CRIMINAL! ONLY I WAS SENTENCED TO EXTERNAL EXILE! FOR I WANTED TO USE MY GREAT POWER IN ORDER TO CONQUER ALL!"

"FOR TIME BEYOND MEASURE, I HAVE ROAMED THE GALAXIES SEEKING A PLANET WHICH WAS RICH IN RESOURCES--RICH IN METAL! A PLANET WHICH I COULD RULE!"

AND NOW, I HAVE FOUND SUCH A WORLD! EARTH SHALL BE MINE!

SOMEONE GRAB HIM! HE'S NUTTY AS A FRUIT CAKE!

SO! I SEE THAT FURTHER DEMONSTRATION IS NEEDED! VERY WELL. BEHOLD!

HEY! MY HELMET'S FLYING OFF MY HEAD!

MINE'S MELTING! BUT-- IT'S IMPOSSIBLE!

AND NOW, IF YOU FIND IT DIFFICULT TO BELIEVE THAT I AM THE ONE WHO DESTROYED YOUR ROCKET DEVICE, SEE WHAT I SHALL DO TO THAT TANK!

IT'S DWINDLING AWAY INTO --GASP-- NOTHING!

HE DIDN'T EVEN TOUCH IT! BUT-- THAT RAY--COMING FROM HIS HEAD--

IF WE'RE NOT DREAMIN', HE'S THE SINGLE MOST POWERFUL FORCE ON EARTH!

BUT WAIT! YOU HAVE SEEN BUT A SMALL SAMPLE OF MY TALENT!

THE MELTED METAL IS TURNING INTO LONG BANDS OF STEEL--MOVING --LIKE LIVING THINGS!

THEY'RE ENCIRCLING US-- TRAPPING US INSIDE!

AND NOW, HEAR MY ULTIMATUM, FOR I BEGIN TO TIRE OF THESE CHILDISH FEATS! YOU WILL SURRENDER THIS ENTIRE BASE TO ME IMMEDIATELY, AND THE PLANET EARTH ITSELF MUST ACCEPT ME AS SUPREME RULER WITHIN TWENTY-FOUR HOURS!

NOW I SHALL LEAVE YOU FOR A FEW MINUTES, WHILE YOU DISCUSS MY TERMS, AND REALIZE HOW HELPLESS YOU ARE BEFORE ME!

IF THAT BIG CLOWN THINKS HE'LL GET AWAY WITH THIS--! I'LL ALERT THE MISSILE HUNTER SQUADRON BEFORE HE GETS FIFTY YARDS AWAY!

LOOK! HE TURNED THAT [redacted] STEEL PLATFORM INTO A-A METAL FLYING CARPET!

BAH! THOSE CIRCUS TRICKS DON'T IMPRESS THUNDERBOLT ROSS!

THERE GO MY HUNTER ROCKETS! THEY'LL BRING HIM DOWN NO MATTER WHAT POWERS HE CLAIMS HE HAS!

AND STILL THEY DO NOT BELIEVE!

DISINTEGRATE!

I'LL DIRECT THE REMAINING ROCKET TO RETURN TO THE BASE!

TAKE COVER!

THE ROCKET BACK TRACKED IN MID-AIR! THAT GUY REALLY IS UNBEATABLE!

THERE'S A CHANCE--JUST ONE SLIM CHANCE--THAT THERE IS SOMEONE WHO CAN STOP THE METAL MASTER!

IF I CAN JUST GET TO THE HULK IN TIME!

BREATHLESS FROM HIS HEART-POUNDING RUN, RICK REACHES THE LAIR OF THE HULK, TO FIND...

STAY BACK! I KNOW ALL ABOUT IT-- SAW IT ON THE SCREEN! I'M CHANGING!

THERE! NOW THE HULK WILL --WHAT ARE YOU STARIN' AT, BRAT?!

YOUR FACE!! YOUR BODY IS THE HULK'S, BUT YOUR FACE--

SOMETHING WENT WRONG! I'VE GOT BANNER'S MILKSOP FACE!

YOU CAN'T GO OUT LIKE THAT! IT WOULD GIVE YOUR IDENTITY AWAY!

STOP WHINING! I KNOW WHAT TO DO! BANNER MADE A LOT OF PLASTER CASTS AND MOULDS AND MODELS OF HIS FACE AND MINE, IN ORDER TO STUDY 'EM!

I'LL JUST PUT ONE ON NOW, LIKE THIS!

BUT WHAT ABOUT THE MACHINE? WHY DIDN'T IT CHANGE YOUR FACE?

WHO CARES ABOUT THAT? THAT'S FOR THAT BOOK-WORM BANNER TO WORRY ABOUT! I'VE GOT SOMETHIN' MORE IMPORTANT TO HANDLE!

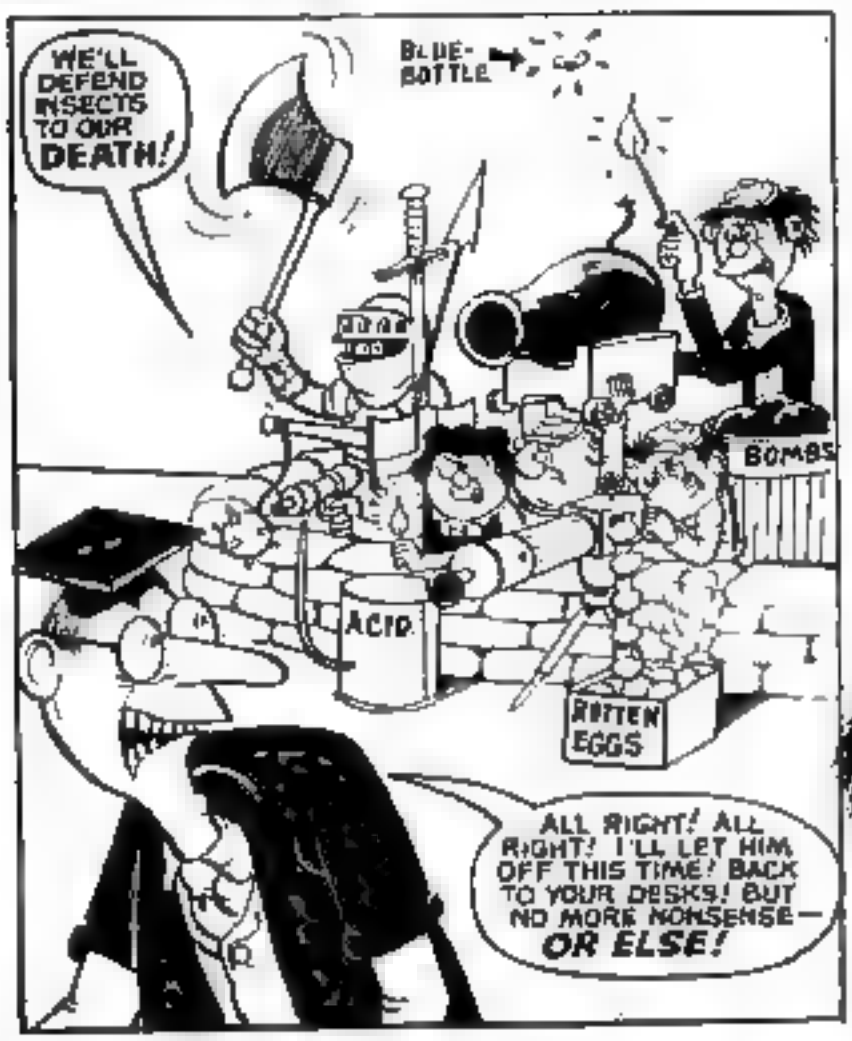
MORE AFTER THE NEXT 2 PAGES—

The SWOTS and the BLOTS

NOW THEN, KIDS! YOU ARE GOING TO WRITE AN ESSAY ON BRITISH INSECTS!
OH, GOODY! WE LIKE ESSAYS!
YAH! LOOK AT THOSE CREEPY OLD SWOTS!
SHOW-OFFS! JUST BECAUSE THEY CAN WRITE
SLURP
SCRATCH

BOO! HOO! THE BLOTS' BLUEBOTTLE'S DRUNK ALL MY LOVELY INK! SOB! SOB!
LEAP-P!
WELL HE'S A BLUEBOTTLE ISN'T HE? HE DRINKS ANY-THING THAT'S BLUE! AND HE ESPECIALLY LIKES BLUE INK!

NO! NO! YOU'RE CRUEL! WE'LL TELL THE R.S.P.C.A.! STOP! STOP!
DOWN WITH BLOOD SPORT!
REMEMBER ANGELS HAVE WINGS TOO!
BE KIND TO OUR INSECT FRIENDS.
SHAME! SHAME!
GRR!


WE'LL DEFEND INSECTS TO OUR DEATH!
BLUE-BOTTLE
BOMBS
ACID
ROTTEN EGGS
ALL RIGHT! ALL RIGHT! I'LL LET HIM OFF THIS TIME! BACK TO YOUR DESKS! BUT NO MORE NONSENSE— OR ELSE!

WAAH! SIR! LOOK WHAT THOSE HORRIBLE LITTLE BLOTS HAVE DONE! THEY'VE MADE ME POUR THE INK INTO MY OWN POCKET! HOWL! BAWL!

WE FIXED A TUBE FROM THE INKWELL TO HIS POCKET! HO! HO!

RUBBER AH TUBE!

GRRR! GRRR! I'LL PUNCH YOUR FAT NOSE FOR THAT, YOU NASTY LITTLE BLOT

COO! LOOK AT HIM! HE COULDN'T PUNCH HIS WAY OUT OF A PAPER BAG!

TAKE THAT! AAGH!

TEMPER! TEMPER!

SOCK!

OOH! OOH! OOH! MY HAND!

TINGLE!

BACK IN A MOMENT, SIR!

TOODLE-OO-!

SHAN'T BE LONG!

RUSH-H-H-H-!

GOSH! WHERE ARE THEY OFF TO?

HEE! HEE! THE BIG SOFTIES! I BET THEY'VE RUN OFF SO THAT WE CAN'T HIT THEM AGA'N!

YEAH! OR MAYBE THEY'VE GONE FOR SOME LINIMENT FOR CECIL SWOT'S HAND.

BUT

CHARGE!

HUH?

DOWN WITH THE BLOTS!

DOWN WITH NASTY LITTLE BLOTS!

THE SWOTS ARE ARMED WITH FLY SWATS!

THEY MUST HAVE GONE MAD!

I'M SAFER ON THIS FLY PAPER!

HERE! YOU CAN HAVE THEM TOFFEES I TOOK — YOWL!

THUD!

COO! I NEVER THOUGHT I'D SEE THE DAY!

HO! HO! WE'RE SWATS THIS WEEK!

FIRE BUCKET

I THINK I'M ABOUT TO KICK THE BUCKET!

YEAH! WE'RE SWATTING BLOTS!

SWIPE!

YOWCH!

THWACK!

NOW GET BACK OUTTA MY WAY--

I CAN'T FLY, LIKE A HUMAN TORCH--

BUT THESE MUSCLES IN MY LEGS AIN'T JUST FOR SHOW!

ALL I NEED DO IS SPRING UP--

--AND JUST KEEP GOIN'!!!

REMEMBERING THE DIRECTION THE METAL MASTER HAD FLOWN OFF IN, THE HULK SOARS THROUGH THE AIR UNTIL HE SEES..

FIGGERED YOU'D BE SOMEWHERE AROUND A METAL SCRAP PILE!

WHAT--?!?

DON'T LOOK SO SURPRISED, PEANUT! EVERYONE ON EARTH ISN'T A PUNY WEAKLING!

YOUR BRUTE STRENGTH DOES NOT IMPRESS ME! NOT WHEN ALL THE METAL IN THE UNIVERSE IS MINE TO COMMAND!

THERE! I SHALL OVERWHELM YOU WITH AN AVALANCHE OF HEAVY, PLUMMETING IRON AND STEEL OBJECTS UNTIL YOU WHIMPER HELPLESSLY FOR MERCY!

AIIIH

MISTER, THE HULK AIN'T THE WHIMPERIN' KIND!

YOU ARE MORE POWERFUL THAN I THOUGHT!

SO I SHALL FUSE A TON OF METAL TOGETHER AND FORM AN UNBREAKABLE CAGE TO DROP OVER YOU!

YOU'RE OUTTA YOUR M ND! NOTHIN'S UNBREAKABLE TO THE HULK!

FOR LONG MINUTES THE UNCANNY BATTLE CONTINUES, AS THE METAL MASTER KEEPS THE RAMPAGING HULK AT BAY WITH A BARRAGE OF HEAVY FLYING OBJECTS, WEARING DOWN HIS MIGHTY FOE SLOWLY BUT SURELY...

UNTIL... WAIT! THIS IS FOLLY! WHY DO WE BATTLE EACH OTHER THIS WAY WHEN WE MIGHT BE ALLIES? MY METAL POWER AND YOUR BRUTE STRENGTH WOULD BE THE MOST IRRESISTIBLE FORCE IN THE GALAXY!

HUH? TEAM UP WITH YOU?! YOU'RE NUTS! I-- HEY, WHY NOT?

I DON'T OWE NOTHIN' TO THE HUMAN RACE! THEY'VE BEEN HOUNDIN' ME, HUNTIN' ME! TREATIN' ME LIKE AN ANIMAL!

THIS WOULD BE MY CHANCE TO PAY 'EM ALL BACK! WE COULD--NAH! FORGET IT! I AIN'T GUVIN' IT! THE HULK NEEDS NOBODY! I CAN DO WHAT I GOTTA DO WITHOUT YOU--I'M THE HULK--DO YA HEAR--THE HULK!!!

BUT, AT THAT SPLIT-SECOND, WHILE HIS FOE'S GUARD IS DOWN, THE METAL MASTER STRIKES AGAIN, SWIFTLY--SURELY--AND,

SO BE IT, THEN!

UGH!

HE WAS RIGHT! WE DO NOT NEED EACH OTHER! FOR I AM THE STRONGER! I HAVE VANQUISHED HIM! NOW, ON ALL OF EARTH THERE ARE NONE WHO CAN DEFY ME! I AM SUPREME!

MINUTES LATER, A DETACHMENT OF RECON TROOPS STUMBLE ACROSS THE STUNNED FORM OF THE HULK...

LOOKS LIKE WE'RE ON THE RIGHT TRACK! THE METAL MASTER MUST HAVE BEEN IN THE VICINITY! ONLY HE COULD HAVE BEATEN THE HULK!

HEY! WHAT GIVES? HE'S GOT SOME KINDA MASK ON!

AT THAT MOMENT, THE HULK BEGINS TO REGAIN CONSCIOUSNESS...

LET'S SEE WHAT'S UNDERNEATH THIS THING...

HHA--? NO! NO!

GOT TO MOVE FAST, WHILE HE'S STILL WEAK AND DAZED! WHY WOULD THE HULK WEAR A MASK?? HAS HE ANOTHER IDENTITY??

IF THEY FIND OUT WHO I REALLY AM, IT'S THE END FOR ME!

BUT, WHEN THE MASK IS REMOVED...

THIS IS CRAZY! HE'S GOT THE SAME FACE UNDERNEATH!

BETTER TAKE HIM TO HQ! IT'S TOO MUCH FOR US!

AND SO...

WORD FROM RECON UNIT C, SIR! THEY'VE CAUGHT THE HULK!

GREAT! ONCE WE GET HIM OUT OF THE WAY, WE CAN CONCENTRATE ON THAT BLASTED METAL MASTER!

AND STILL NO WORD ABOUT BRUCE BANNER! WHAT COULD HAVE HAPPENED TO HIM?

EASY, MEN! GENERAL ROSS HAS HAD THIS SPECIAL STONE BUILDING PREPARED FOR THE HULK FOR MONTHS! WE DON'T WANT TO MUFF IT NOW!

GOOD THING THE HULK IS STILL DAZED! IF HE'LL ONLY STAY THAT WAY FOR ANOTHER FEW MINUTES..

THAT'S IT! WE'VE GOT HIM! HE'LL NEVER ESCAPE AGAIN! THIS IS THE END OF THE HULK!

BUT THERE IS ONE PERSON WHO IS NOT HAPPY ABOUT THE CAPTURE OF EARTH'S MIGHTIEST CREATURE..

GENERAL, YOU'RE MAKING A MISTAKE! THE HULK'S THE ONLY ONE WHO MIGHT BE ABLE TO STOP THE METAL MASTER! YOU'VE GOT TO LET ME TALK TO HIM!

TALK ALL YOU WANT, SON! BUT HE'S STAYING WHERE HE IS!

NERVOUSLY, THE TEEN-AGER APPROACHES THE HULK'S ESCAPE-PROOF CELL...

IT'S ME RICK! ARE YOU OKAY?

YOU! THE ONE WHO BETRAYED ME!

ONLY YOU KNEW ABOUT THAT MASK! YOU MUSTA TOLD 'EM! BUT YOU DIDN'T KNOW THE RAY WOULD WEAR OFF AND MY REAL FACE WOULD RETURN! DID YUH?!!

I CAN'T TRUST YOU NO MORE! CAN'T TRUST NOBODY! IF I EVER GET MY HANDS ON YOU, YOU ROTTEN SQUEALER...!

NO, HULK, NO! I DIDN'T-- I DIDN'T TELL!

HOUNDED AND HUNTED BY THE HUMAN RACE THE HULK NOW THINKS HIMSELF COMPLETELY AND UTTERLY FRIENDLESS AND ALONE. WHAT WILL HE DO? WHAT CAN HE DO?

THE ONLY WAY TO FIND OUT IS TO MAKE SURE OF YOUR NEXT ISSUE OF

SMASH!

NOW!

be a SMASHER—write to SMASH!

To: *SMASH!,*
64 LONG ACRE,
LONDON, W.C 2.

* * *

Dear Smash,
When I read Smash I think that Rollo Stones and Danny Charters with the Trolls comes true. And I often dream about them, and I wonder why I can't get them out of my mind.

Ronn e Thornton,
Seacroft, Leeds.

Don't let your dreams get too exciting, Ron—or you might not need to buy SMASH any more!

WANT TO KNOW HOW THE SMASH LEAGUE TABLE STANDS...? **Well, according to your letters your favourite pin-up is that lovable character—yes, you guessed it! —old greenskin himself THE HULK! He's narrowly leading BATMAN in your popularity lists, with the RUBBERMAN, BAD PENNY, RONNIE RICH and ROLLO STONES following in that order.**

We hear that THE HULK is to appear in a television series in the United States. Wouldn't it be great to see him appearing on T.V. in this country! Well—let's all keep our fingers crossed and keep hoping. It could happen! It really could! We'll let you know if we hear any news. In the meantime, keep telling your newsagent what a great comic SMASH is.

And here's what you tell us.

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Dear Smash,
I am thrilled to read the adventures of the HULK in Smash. Why can we not have more of these costumed heroes in Smash like the ones in the Marvel Comics Group like THOR, X MEN, DAREDEVIL, FANTASTIC FOUR, THE AVENGERS, etc ? Other American comics are out in which heroes like SUPERMAN, BATMAN and ROBIN appear Let's have more of these heroes appearing in Smash.

David Featherstone,
Consett, Co. Durham.

Batman is now appearing in SMASH, David, so one of your pleas is answered What do other readers think about David's suggestion?

* * *

Dear Alf and Cos,
Last week in SMASH (No 17) you had 8 pages of the HULK—great, but only one page for Bad Penny, and where is Ronnie Rich and Percy's Pets? On page 10 (Mister Knowall) you have half a page advert On page 14 a whole page for adverts. You could have had more things—such as Ronnie Rich—on these pages. And I bet you dare not print this letter—that's a threat.
P S. I could do with some of Ronnie Rich s money, but I'm a great SMASH fan,

Peter Wilson,
West ea, Co. Durham.

Sorry about the advertising pages, Peter, but the money the advertisers pay us helps us meet our expenses. For instance, the HULK is a big lad to feed. What an appetite! Ronnie Rich and Percy's Pets are now back regularly.

Dear Smash,
I think it is disgusting to put nine pages of this 'Hulk' trash. If you can put nine pages of this trash, why not put nine pages of "The Nervs' ? I think this is the best and funniest page of all.
P.S. I am thinking of putting a stop to having the comic, as it is only fit for the dustbin. My dad says Smash is piffle. So do I.

Nicholas Tucker,
Stafford, Staffordshire.

If you put SMASH in your dustbin, Nicholas, we bet your dustman will read it. Who knows —he might become a regular reader!

Dear Alf and Cos,
I read Smash every week and I have not missed one copy. The purpose of this letter is to ask if you could form a Smash club. I'm sure many people would join.

John Webb.
Cambridge.

We reckon we have the best bunch of readers of any comic published, and we look upon them as a club already. But we're working on your idea, John. One of our girl readers has formed a SMASH club. Her name is Cheryl Lunn of Manchester and I'm sending you her address so that you can write to her if you wish. Cheryl calls her club THE SMASH HIT.

Dear Smash,
I think Smash is smashing. I buy one every week off a paper man that comes round the ward After I have read it it goes right round the ward and then back to me. And believe it or not, I am in a men's ward.

David Shepherd,
Neath General Hospital,
Glamorgan.

We believe you, David. Lots of Dads enjoy reading SMASH if their sons leave it lying around the house. Here's hoping you'll be out and about soon.

Alf and Cos.

Aw—Gee! We're really grateful to you for saying all those nice things about us—it saves us saying them ourselves.

By the time this letter is published BATMAN will already be appearing in SMASH—and we've got lots more exciting plans. After all, we owe it to all you nice readers to keep SMASH one jump ahead of all those other comics that all look the same.

□□□□□□□□□□□□□□□□□□□□

That's all for this week, Smiling Smashers. But don't stray far away next week. For that's when the THING battles APE-GIANT, the HULK goes berserk and *punches* his way out of a solid stone cell and RUBBERMAN gets a new twist!

GRIMLY FEENDISH

THE ROTTENEST CROOK IN THE WORLD

HELLO, FOLKS! I'M GRIMLY FEENDISH!

AND HE'S HORRIBLE! UGH!!

AT THE LOCAL COP SHOP...

I GOT A *BRILLIANT* PLAN TO GET GRIMLY FEENDISH! WE'LL GET A MAN INSIDE HIS CAMP — AND CATCH HIM RED-HANDED ON HIS NEXT JOB!

COO! HOW SARGE?

WE'LL PAINT OLLY THE OCTOPUS TO LOOK LIKE ONE OF GRIMLY'S SQUELCHES! GRIMLY WILL *NEVER* KNOW THE DIFFERENCE!

SPLOTCH!

LATER-AT GRIMLY'S HQ

OLLY IN DISGUISE!

FEENDISH FLATS

HO DEAR SHALL WAS?

I'M OFF TO READ BATMAN!

HALT! FIEND OR FOE? GIVE THE PASSWORD!

CLONK!

CLONK?! THAT'S NOT THE PASSWORD!

LIKE I SAID— CLONK!

AAAGH!

CLONK!

HOW TO MEET GRIMLY FACE TO FACE! WHAT A HORRIBLE THOUGHT! THAT FACE WOULD PUT ANYBODY OFF THEIR DINNER!

DAZE!

AND SO INSIDE—

—COME IN, SQUELCH! IT'S TIME FOR DIN-DINS! BUT WASH YOUR HANDS FIRST, ALL EIGHT OF THEM! SARGER!

SLURP!

JUST AS GRIMLY SAYS!

GLUG! GLUG!

MMM

SUCK!

MEH! MEH!

COO! SOAP SOUP!

MEE! MEE! I'LL CLOBBER HIM WHEN HE CAN'T SEE ME FOR BUBBLES!

THERE! THAT SHOULD FIX YOU, GRIMLY! THAT'LL STOP THE BUBBLES!

YEESH!

AAAGH! YOU FOOLS! THAT'S NOT CASTOR OIL! IT'S *TURPENTINE!*

SPLOOSH!

OINK!

HELP! THAT ISN'T A REAL SQUELCH! IT'S AN OCTOPUS THAT'S BEEN PAINTED! LOOK-RC 88! HE'S A POLICE SPY! *GRAB HIM, LADS!*

GULP! THAT TURPENTINE'S WASHED ALL THE PAINT FROM ME!

YAAK! DIRTY ROTTEN SPY!

NO MORE OF THIS FOR ME! I'LL STICK TO MAKING TEA IN FUTURE! I'M NOT CUT OUT FOR THIS SORT OF THING!

ZOOM!

THE NERVS

LOOK AT FATTY'S NECK! IT'S DIRTY AS USUAL!

INSIDE FATTY'S NECK

HELP! NERVE! WHERE'S THE NECK-CLEAN... LOOK AT FATTY'S NECK! IT'S AS BLACK AS COAL! MAYBE FATTY LIKES THE *OUTSIDE* DIRTY BUT WE LIKE THE *INSIDE* CLEAN!

THROAT

NECK DEPARTMENT

To the Stomach Only

YOU LAZY BLIGHTER! WHAT'S THE BIG DEA? GET FATTY'S NECK CLEANED - OR ELSE! WE DON'T HAVE TO BE DIRTY LIKE HIM!

ERIC

BIG BULLIES!

THEY ALWAYS GIVE ME THE DIRTY WORK TO DO!

HUH! IF FATTY DOESN'T MIND A DIRTY NECK WHY SHOULD THE NECK NERVE WORRY? THERE JUST ISN'T ANY JUSTICE!

OOH! OOH! MY NECK'S GONE ALL STIFF! I CAN'T MOVE IT AN INCH! I'LL HAVE TO GO AND SEE A DOCTOR!

YOU CLOT! YOU LITTLE CLOT! THAT WASN'T SOAP POWDER YOU PUT IN THE WATER - IT WAS BLINKING STARCH! NO WONDER FATTY'S NECK'S STIFF!

ANYONE CAN MAKE A MISTAKE!

YOU'LL NEED TO WASH IT ALL AGAIN - WASH ALL THAT STARCH OFF!

THEY'VE GOT A HOPE! I'VE DONE ENOUGH WORK FOR ONE DAY! I'M GETTING OUT!

ADAM'S APPLE

STOMACH

HEE! HEE! I'LL HIDE IN THE STOMACH DEPARTMENT! THEY'LL NEVER FIND ME IN HERE - THERE ARE LOTS OF SUPER HIDING PLACES!

MEANWHILE, AT THE DOCTOR'S.

NO WONDER YOUR NECK IS STIFF! LOOK AT IT! IT'S FILTHY - DIRT CAN BE DANGEROUS - GET IT WASHED!

YES DOCTOR! ANYTHING YOU SAY, DOCTOR!

BACK IN FATTY'S STOMACH

AHA! THERE HE IS AFTER HIM, LADS!

OOER! I'VE BEEN SPOTTED!

ASPIRIN

THAT'S IT, LADS! THROW THESE TOOTH PICKS AT HIM! WE'LL PIN HIM TO THE WALL!

ASPIRIN

STAB!

STAB!

STAB!

HO! HO! YOU NECK NERVS COULDN'T HIT A BARN DOOR!

OOH! OOH! MY TUM! THAT DOCTOR WAS RIGHT! DIRT CAN CAUSE A LOT OF TROUBLE! BUT I'VE NEVER HEARD OF A DIRTY NECK GIVING YOU A SORE TUM BEFORE!

KNEE

COME BACK, YOU TWERP!

GET LOST!

KNEE JOINT

YAH! MISSED AGAIN!

POP!

L-LEAP!

HO! HO! THEY'VE HIT THE KNEE REFLEX BUTTONS!

THWACK!

COO! LOOK AT THAT! MY KNEE SHOT UP ALL BY ITSELF!

SMAT!

OINK!

OH, DEAR! THE LITTLE NECK NERV IN FATTY'S STOMACH HAS BEEN CAUGHT AT LAST!

RIGHT, ME LAD! IT'S BACK TO WORK FOR YOU!

SLOSH!

SCRUB!

I'VE GOT TO GET THIS DIRT OFF QUICK, OR SOMETHING HORRIBLE WILL HAPPEN TO ME — IT'S UNBELIEVABLE!

THAT'S IT! WASH ALL THAT STARCH OFF, YOU LAZY LITTLE TWERP!

NECK DEPT.

SPLOSH!

IT'S A HARD LIFE!

GOSH! THE STIFFNESS HAS GONE! IT MUST HAVE BEEN ALL THAT DIRT!

THAT DOCTOR SURE KNOWS HIS JOB!

SILLY TWIT! IF ONLY HE KNEW THE REAL REASON FOR ALL HIS ACHES AND PAINS! IT'S HIS NERVE AT WORK INSIDE HIM!

THE GHOST PATROL

SHOT BACK IN TIME BY A TIME-MACHINE, THE GHOST PATROL IS SAILING BACK TO OSTIA WITH A ROMAN WAR FLEET. BUT THE INVADING ARMY OF HANNIBAL ATTACKS THE CITY BEFORE THE ROMANS LAND...

IT LOOKS AS THOUGH THERE'S *FIGHTING* GOING ON ASHORE!

IF HANNIBAL CAPTURES OSTIA, NO FOOD WILL REACH ROME! MY PEOPLE WILL HAVE TO SURRENDER OR STARVE!

IF THE CARTHAGINIANS HAVE GOT HOLD OF THE DOCKS, WE WON'T EVEN BE ABLE TO LAND OUR TROOPS!

DON'T WORRY COMMANDER—THE *GHOST PATROL* HAS WEAPONS THAT WILL MAKE SHORT WORK OF ANY OPPOSITION!

JOE WAS THINKING OF THEIR TANK. AT THAT MOMENT PADDY AND THE OTHERS WERE GETTING IT READY FOR ACTION...

A COUPLE OF SHELLS SHOULD SEND THE ENEMY RUNNING!

AYE, PADDY, BUT WE CAN'T FIRE THE GUN FROM THE GALLEY—THE RECOIL MIGHT CAPSIZE IT! WE'LL HAVE TO GET THE TANK ASHORE!

AS THE GALLEYS FORGED INTO OSTIA DOCKS, A SHOWER OF MISSILES SHOWED THAT THE LANDING WASN'T GOING TO BE EASY...

GRAPPLING IRONS READY!

SOON THE FIRST GALLEY WAS BRINGING ALONGSIDE THE QUAY, AND THE ROMANS WENT ASHORE, CARRYING THE LEGION EAGLE...

DEATH TO THE ROMANS!

FOLLOW THE EAGLE TO VICTORY AND GLORY!

THE CARTHAGINIANS WERE FORCED BACK FROM THE DOCKS. THE PATROL WATCHED FROM THEIR GALLEY...

COME ON, SARGE. LET'S GET ASHORE AND SHOW THESE SCRAPPERS WHAT TO DO!

NO, LADS—WE STAY UNDER COVER UNTIL WE'RE REALLY NEEDED!

BUT THOUGH THE ROMANS MANAGED TO CLEAR THE DOCK AREA, THEY WERE HURLED BACK WHEN THEY REACHED THE STREETS...

KEEP THE ROMANS PINNED DOWN IN THE DOCK AREA—IF THEY CANNOT BREAK THROUGH, THEY MUST RETREAT!

THE ROMAN COMMANDER SOON SAW THAT HIS OFFENSIVE HAD FAILED...

WE'VE GOT TO WIN OSTIA BACK AT ALL COSTS, STRANGER — EVEN IF IT MEANS SACRIFICING THE WHOLE LEGION!

THEN IT'S TIME WE BROUGHT THE TANK INTO ACTION! TELL YOUR MEN TO DIVE FOR COVER!

WITH PADDY AT THE CONTROLS, THE TANK RUMBLED INTO ACTION...

OKAY, GUNNER — FIX YOUR SIGHTS POINT-BLANK ON THAT STREET BARRICADE!

THE GUN SLAMMED, AND THE FIRST SHELL SHRIEKED ACROSS THE DOCKS...

IT SEEMED THAT NOTHING COULD STOP THE TANK'S ONRUSH! THEN SUDDENLY, A FEW YARDS FROM THE BARRICADES, ITS ENGINE COUGHED AND SPLUTTERED...

WE'VE RUN OUT OF PETROL!

THE CARTHAGINIANS SAW THAT THE MONSTER HAD STOPPED! REGAINING THEIR COURAGE, THEY MOVED IN TO THE ATTACK...

WE WILL DRIVE THE DEMONS OUT OF IT WITH THIS MOLTEN PITCH!

STEAL UP ON IT FROM BEHIND — OR IT MAY SPIT THE DEATH-FIRE AT US AGAIN!

BUT THE PATROL WERE COVERING THE TANK FROM ALL SIDES, AND A BURST OF SMALL-ARMS FIRE SENT THE ENEMY SCATTERING...

THAT FIXES THEM!

YES, BUT HOW DO WE GET THE TANK BACK?

CORPORAL JOCK McLUCKIE WAS LISTENING...

HAVE YOU FORGOTTEN, SARGE? WE'VE STILL GOT THE *SHIELD* AND THE *FLYING HELMET* — AND THE *TRANSLATOR!*

NOW THAT'S AN IDEA!

SERGEANT JOE AND THE ROMAN COMMANDER WERE WATCHING OPERATIONS FROM THEIR GALLEY...

IF WE COULD GET A MESSAGE THROUGH TO *ROME*, REINFORCEMENTS COULD BE SENT TO ATTACK THE ENEMY FROM THE OTHER SIDE!

IF THE TANK HAD STAYED MOBILE, WE COULD HAVE DONE IT ON OUR OWN. NOW WE WON'T BREAK THESE BARRICADES WITHOUT HELP!

Next Week: THE PATROL SHOOT FORWARD INTO A NEW AGE — AND NEW DANGERS AND THRILLS!

QUEEN OF THE SEAS

BURP! HIC! BLOYLSH!

EEK! WHAT'S THIS?

TWITCH!

JERK!

IT'S A HORRIBLE MAN-EATING PLANT THAT HAS JUST SWALLOWED ENOCH DRIP—'QUEENIE'S' CAPTAIN! WHAT A NASTY DINNER TO HAVE!

EATING ENOCH IS AS BAD AS EATING A BUNDLE OF STAIR-RODS—AND THAT PLANT DOESN'T LIKE THE TASTE ONE LITTLE BIT!

HELP! S.O.S.! BRING ENOCH BACK, YOU FIEND!

GLA-ARG!

HIC!

HIC!

SUR-RP!

TO SOOTH ITS NERVES, THE MAN-EATING PLANT DIVES TO THE DEPTHS OF THE SARGASSO SEA...

SPLUNGE

...WITH ENOCH INSIDE IT!

MEANWHILE, UP ABOVE...

HELP! CALLING ALL FLOWER-EXPERTS! A MAN-EATING PLANT HAS JUST SWALLOWED ENOCH DRIP! WHAT SHALL I DO?

TAP! TAP! TAP! TAP! TAP

[illegible]—SAILING NEARBY...

DOSE THE POOR PLANT WITH CASTOR OIL! ENOCH DRIP IS SUCH A HORRIBLE SPECIMEN, HE'LL PROBABLY KILL THE DEAR LITTLE PLANT OFF!

A SECOND SPEEDY REPLY CRACKLES BACK FROM A CANADIAN FLYING DOCTOR ZOOMING OVERHEAD...

IT'S VITAL THAT THE FOREIGN-BODY SHOULD BE GOT OUT OF THE POOR WRETCH'S SYSTEM! I AM ON MY WAY WITH A 50-FOOT TELESCOPIC STOMACH PUMP!

AND DOWN BELOW...

GLA-AWK! GROAN!

ELP! BERT! S.O.S.!

I DON'T KNOW WHAT YOU'RE TALKING ABOUT, DOCTOR— BUT FOR PETE'S SAKE, HURRY! ENOCH'S IN HIS DEATH-THROES!

INSIDE THE HORRIBLE PLANT'S STOMACH, ENOCH IS BEING ATTACKED FROM ALL SIDES...

SPLUNCH SPLUNCH

PLUNG! PUMP

LIVER

PANCREAS

AAGH! HELP! BERT! THE FIEND'S TRYING TO DIGEST ME!

IT'S NOBBLED MY HAIR ALREADY! NOW IT'S AFTER MY NOSE! SOON THERE'LL ONLY BE ME BOOTS LEFT! URK!

SLURP

SEND HELP, BERT—QUICK!

BERT IS DOING HIS BEST...

AHA! THAT'LL BE THE FLYING DOC'S PLANE! I'LL FIRE A DISTRESS ROCKET TO PIN-POINT OUR POSITION!

DRONE!

WHOOSH!

BERT AND ENOCH MAKE THEIR OWN DISTRESS ROCKETS OUT OF OLD AJAX TINS...

...WHICH EXPLAINS THE DISTRESSING RESULTS WHENEVER ONE IS FIRED...!

AGH!

BANG!

ZIP!

WHEE-E-E!

WHEE-E-E!

BOOM!

STILL, AT LEAST THEIR VICTIMS ARE KNOCKED OUT SO QUICKLY THAT THEY ARE COMPLETELY UNAWARE OF THEIR APPROACHING DOOM!

BLAH-H-H!

IT'S ALL HAPPENING NEXT WEEK: ENOCH GOES INTO ORBIT!